

My father, Gustaf Ludvig Anderson was born December 16, 1848 in Halmstad, Sweden, to Lars Anderson and Helena Catrin Berg Anderson. Six children were born to this union. Three died in infancy.

His father, Lars, passed away at the age of 49 leaving three small children for grandmother to provide and care for. She was a fine seamstress and thereby provided for her family. My father was eight years when his father passed away. Being the oldest son, he helped his mother as much as possible. The home was comfortable but luxuries were unknown.

Halmstad, their home, is situated on the shore of the North Sea. As a small boy, father had to walk three miles along the coast to school. He said how frightened he was. Sweden being so far north, they saw very little daylight during the cold winter months. Father carried a lighted lantern to light his way and warm his hands. His opportunities for an education were fairly good. He mastered the art of bookkeeping as he was very accurate with numbers. This knowledge was a great help to him when he came to America.

He loved his native country, and probably would have remained there, had not some kindly missionaries brought the gospel teachings to their home. Through the mother's conversion, she and her two sons, Ludvig and Lawrence, decided to leave their homeland, and come to Utah in order to live more fully their religious beliefs.

On October 7, 1867 in Halmstad, Sweden, my grandmother was baptized. The boys were not baptized until after they arrived in Utah.

It took much preparation for the long journey, selling their home and other <sup>property,</sup> although grandmother decided to take her choice possessions with her. I might state a few pieces of her furniture are still intact in the old family home in Heber City, Utah.

No doubt it was a sad time for Grandmother and her only daughter to part. The daughter, Aurora, was married. She and her husband had not embraced the gospel, so they decided to stay in their native land. Thus, the family parted, never to meet again.

The preparations being completed, they boarded a boat at Halmstad with some Elders to cross the North Sea in June 1866. The boat traveled slowly. After a long ride, they landed on the coast of England, a place called Hull. Here they unloaded their belongings and boarded a train to cross England to Liverpool, where they were to board a ship bound for America. They were delayed two days before the "John Bright" sailing ship was ready to set sail to cross the Atlantic Ocean. It was a long, tiresome trip in an over crowded ship. They were on the ocean six weeks before landing in New York harbor. My grandmother was ill most of the trip. After landing, they lingered in New York until she felt like resuming the journey west. They took the train to Laramie, Wyoming. Here they were met by earlier settlers with teams, wagons and provisions to continue their journey to Salt Lake. This trip took one month.

One can imagine their reaction, at seeing the barren, dry miles of uncultivated land that was to be their home; as compared with green, verdant land of their native Sweden; a land that produced an abundant food supply.

My Grandmother, Helena, stayed in Salt Lake. Here she found employment keeping house for a widower, Frans Leonard Jacobsen, whom she later married in the old Endowment House July 12, 1868. They moved to Heber City one year after arriving in Utah.

Father, who was twenty years of age and his brother, Lawrence, age 13 went to Grantsville to work for a farmer. They lived there and worked hard, but soon went to Heber City to be near their mother, whose husband Jacobsen, had deserted her.

Four months after leaving their native land, father and his brother Lawrence were baptized, October 12, 1868. It seems the baptismal records were misplaced so Helena and her two sons were rebaptized and father was ordained an elder November 15, 1872.

Soon after arriving in Heber, father obtained employment at the Abraham Hatch store. Due to his skill at bookkeeping, he became clerk and bookkeeper. He continued working for the A. Hatch Co. for thirty years. When he retired he became night watchman for the same store, a position he held for a number of years.

At the age of twenty four he married Elizabeth Stewart Aird, August 12, 1872. She was of Scottish descent, the daughter of William Aird and Elizabeth McLean Aird. This marriage ceremony was performed by Abraham Hatch, President of Wasatch Stake. Three months later they received their endowments in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Ten children were born to this union, five boys and five girls; Henry Lawrence, Elizabeth Aurora, William Ludvig, Edwin Stewart, James Walter, John Alexander, Mary Helena, Nellie Janet, Grace Violet, and Isabell Carrie. All ten children <sup>reached</sup> adulthood before either parent passed away. I was the ninth child. Myself and sister Isabell are the only ones living.

Father married and moved from the small home where he, his mother, and brother lived. The younger brother Lawrence cared for his mother until he married Caroline Bjorkman November 9, 1876.

When it became evident that Helena, my grandmother, needed care in her later years, my mother graciously received her in her small two-room log home (making eleven in all) caring for her until her death October 6, 1900 at the age of eighty five.

Except for the short time he spent in Grantsville, Father spent the rest of his life in Heber City. The task of learning to speak English in order to live and work with English-speaking people was hard; but was finally mastered. The Swedish accent stayed with them, always. When the brothers visited they spoke in their native language. It seemed Father never had the desire to teach his children the language, which was our loss.

People pioneering the Heber Valley encountered many hardships, but through frugal living and hard work Father and Mother managed to buy a small tract of land. With the help of his faithful oxen he provided for his family until the opportunity came to work for A. Hatch & Co. Through the years more land was purchased. Mother inherited ten acres and a quarter of a block in town for a home site. With the help of his sons Father was able to continue his employment at the store. Under these conditions they began planning their new home.

Eight children were born in the small two-room log home before the brick house was built, one of the first in Heber. Two more daughters were born. The home still stands and owned by a sister.

Father was very civic-minded and contributed much to the thriving community of Heber City. He held a number of offices for community projects and always supported the church to the best of his ability.

I shall never forget the enjoyable times we had in our home. I, being the next youngest didn't realize the hardships the older brothers and sisters encountered. One of the most enjoyable times was during the Christmas season, at which was celebrated in typical Swedish style, commemorating the birth of Jesus in a most humble manner. The neighborhood children loved to visit our home on Christmas morning to see the beautiful Christmas tree with its array of glittering ornaments and many candles of various colors. Father was always prepared to present each child a small gift.

When the family was practically raised and they were comfortable in their new home, Mother was stricken with cancer. Her brother, Dr. J. W. Aird, took her to the Mayo Clinic, in the hope they could help her, but to no avail. After much suffering she passed away in the

AIRD Hospital in Provo, December 5, 1916. For sixteen years Father lived a very lonely life never being able to cast aside his grief. Every day, weather permitting, he would walk to the cemetery to visit Mother's grave, taking flowers when possible.

He was a kind and loving father. He was known for his honesty and exactness in meeting his obligations. He had all the attributes of a hardy pioneer, never faltering, although many hardships were encountered, their determination to help build the community, which is now the thriving city of Heber located in the beautiful valley of the Wasatch Mountains.

In his seventy-ninth year he was stricken with a brief illness which caused him to pass away May 23, 1927. He was buried in the family plot in the Heber City cemetery.